

THE SHIP OF STATE.

The Ship of State! Above, her sails are blue;
But still she rocks a little, it is true;
And there are passengers, whose faces
Show they don't feel as happy as they
might;
Yet, on the whole, her crew are quite content,
Since its wild fury the typhoon has spent,
And willing—if her pilot thinks it best—
To head a little nearer south by west;
And this they feel: the Ship came too near
wreck.
In the long quarrel for the quarter-deck,
Now, when she glides serenely on her way,
The shallow past where dread explosives
lay,
The stiff obstructions' churlish game to try,
Let sleeping dogs and still torpedoes lie!
And so I give you all—"The Ship of
State!"
Freedom's last venture is her priceless
freight;
God speed her, keep her, bless her, while
she steers
And the breakers of unsounded years;
Lead her through danger's path with even
keel,
And guide the honest hand that holds her
wheel.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

IS IT LEGAL?

BY REV. H. WHEATLEY.

Is it legal to license a woman as a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church? This question did, not come before the last General Conference. Paradoxical as the statement seems to be, it is true. Two appeals from adverse episcopal decisions came before that body, were referred to the committee on Episcopacy, and were reported on by a majority and also by a minority of that committee, after careful and exhaustive deliberation. But the press of important business was so urgent, that the bishops, charged with the selection of what in their judgment was most momentous, did not recommend those reports for consideration, and the session closed without further reference to them. The question is still an open one: Is it legal to license a woman to preach in the M. E. Church? The first adverse episcopal decision cited was that of Bishop Merrill, in the California Conference, held at San Francisco, Sept. 10th, 1874. The Presiding Elder of the San Francisco district, Rev. J. W. Ross, presented a recommendation for deacon's orders of Mrs. Maggie N. Van Cott, as a local preacher. Bishop M. ruled that the recommendation could not be entertained, because the person recommended was not, according to the law of the Church, a local preacher; the uniform interpretation and application of the Discipline in all such cases being, that a woman cannot be eligible to the office of a local preacher. From this decision Mr. Ross and others appealed to the General Conference—the legislature and supreme court of the Church—"claiming that the law of the Church does not discriminate between men and women as to the office of local preacher."

In passing, it may be remarked that Mrs. Van Cott received her first license to preach from Rev. A. H. Ferguson, then Presiding Elder of the Fortsonville district, New York Conference; and that, at the ensuing session of that body, it was proposed that the Conference express itself, by resolution, adversely to the licensing of women. The proposition met with such resistance that the matter was referred to a special committee, with instructions to report at the next assembly. This it failed to do, and was, on application, discharged.

The second appeal to the General Conference was from the adverse decision of Bishop Bowman, given at the North Indiana Conference, held at Elkhart, April 14th, 1874. The occasion of that decision was an appeal from the decision of a Presiding Elder that "the licensing or re-licensing of a woman to preach is unauthorized by the Discipline and usages of the M. E. Church." Bishop Bowman officially declared that decision, when brought under his notice, to be correct. From the episcopal decision Rev. Mr. Martin, a member of that Conference, appealed to the General Conference for final settlement of the question. Touching only the legal aspects of these cases, the majority of the committee on Episcopacy reported that the ruling of the two Bishops on the legal question, "Whether, under the Discipline of the M. E. Church, as uniformly understood and accepted in our administration, a woman may hold and occupy the office of a local preacher," "are correct and agreeable to the letter and spirit of the Discipline." The report was signed by Dr. Nelson, as chairman, and by Dr. Arthur Edwards, as secretary.

The minority of the committee on Episcopacy, finding itself unable to agree with the majority, reported their dissent through Rev. G. W. Hughes, and recommended "that the decisions of Bishops S. M. Merrill, D. D., and Thomas Bowman, D. D., in the cases referred to, concerning the illegality of licensing women as local preachers in our Church, be reversed." Had the two reports come before the General Conference for discussion, there would undoubtedly have followed a keen, animated debate, covering every point of the controversy. That discussion was postponed—and, we believe, wisely postponed—for four years. In the meantime, the Church has the opportunity of calm, thoughtful research and meditation, of crystallizing its thoughts and feelings into intelligent convictions, and of preparation for wise action in the General Conference of 1880. Until then the question appears to be an open one.

That it is still an open question is manifest, first, from the fact that the board of Bishops has not settled it, temporarily, either by a unanimous or by a majority decision. Certainly not by a unanimous judgment, for they are well-known to be not unanimous on this point; probably not by a majority judgment, for the best effort of those friendly and unfriendly to the licensure of women failed to ascertain the facts when earnestly seeking guidance, at a recent district conference, where a brilliant, accomplished, and deeply pious lady applied for license to preach. The decision of one Bishop on an unsettled question of law may be practically nullified by the contrary decision of another Bishop, both equally wise and godly. Episcopal usage is reported to be as follows: When an unsettled legal question is discussed in a meeting of the board, a vote is finally taken thereon, and county binds all the members to abide by the decision, in future administration, until the next General Conference authoritatively settles the interpretation of the law. No such deliverance of the Bishops—it is affirmed—has been given on the question of licensing women to preach. Therefore it remains an open one.

Again, the multitude of resolutions introduced at the late General Conference, and therein referred to the appropriate committee, looking toward such changes of the Discipline as shall expressly provide for the licensure of women, qualified by gifts, grace, and usefulness, and by the call of the Holy Spirit, to preach the Gospel, prove that it is an open question. Such resolutions came from members of the Nebraska, California, and New Jersey Conferences, and received the cordial approbation of many representatives from other Annual Conferences.

Lastly, the unchallenged practice of sundry Presiding Elders who have given, and continue to give, licenses as local preachers to properly qualified women, duly recommended by quarterly conferences, and by district conferences, shows that it is still an open question. Some Bishops, some Presiding Elders, and some pastors, hold with Bishops Bowman and Merrill that such grant is illegal; others, as conscientiously and as disinterestedly, believe that it is perfectly legal. It is currently reported that a list of one hundred godly women, now duly licensed as local preachers in the M. E. Church, is in existence in that goodly city of potent ideas and social forces—the grand old city of Boston.

In the absence of any supreme ecclesiastical court invested with power to decide, in the declination of the superintendents as a body to make any temporary decision, the question must still be regarded as an open one until settled by the General Conference—Is it legal to license women as local preachers?

ADDRESS TO HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES.

BY REV. WILLIAM V. KELLEY, A. M.

Be workers. Think not of what you are to get, but of what you are to do. Find what you are fittest for, and do that one thing mightily. There is plenty of work to be found, and some of it so urgent that men ought to be breathless over it till it is done. In work there is profit. It ought to be a law that if any one will not work he shall not eat, that the idlers might be starved into industry. A life of wholesome labor, filled with the daily activity which is fresh at dawn and weary at night, scatters uncounted blessings on its way; around its close is the majesty of radiant and beneficent peace, and it earns an incorruptible felicity.

In work is safety. The idler's paradise is one of the suburbs of the City of Destruction. In work there is dignity. We are nobler to be a coal-heaver, washing the grime from one's face with sweat, than a gloved gentleman idling his way through the world, not living, but only loafing. Better break stones on the highway, than to be a brainless fop, a mere walking advertisement of the merchant tailors.

It were more beautiful and meritorious for a woman to spend her days over the wash-tub, her arms in suds to the elbows, than to be a frivolous butterfly, passing life in foolish play and pride. The house-maid who is washing front windows yonder with bucket and broom, is at worthier business, believe me, than the elegant lady, who stands vainly turning herself about before her mirror, or sits slumbering at parlor windows to be admired.

The mere seeker of pleasure does but number God's diligent creation. The drone is a criminal, and if men were bees, would be hunted from the hive. So rapid is the sluggard's life and so pernicious his example, that the gray alligator sleepily basking on the oozy shore of a Southern bay is a less noxious and more useful animal; since his hide, at least, when he dies, may make a pair of boots, which might be put to the excellent service of kicking loafers out of civilized communities.

Be useful. Nothing is so magnificent as ministering, nothing so grand as service. You owe yourself to your race and your Saviour. Do not sink into the sin of Ananias—a mortal one—keeping back part of the price. Do all you can to make a sad world brighter, a bad world better; and to this end, since being is greater and more influential than doing, be noble and true yourselves!

Be noble in thought, for as we think, so are we. Ideas make us. The thoughts on which you inwardly feed will give color and quality to your life. It was said of the Venus of Apelles, that her flesh seemed as if she had been fed on roses. Cleopatra dissolved pearls

in her wine to beautify her complexion. It is fabled that Hercules was fed on the marrow of wild beasts. As true it is of the mind as of the body, that if put in training for athletic contests, attention must be given to its diet. The soul must have its fitting food, as the silk-worm its mulberry leaves, or it cannot spin about itself the rich cocoon of character. One who does not think, cannot be virtuous.

Be noble in deed, for deeds are the blows that make a mark; acts are coins struck from a die; let your life be a mint issuing only pure gold and silver. It is not enough to think; blossoms must make fruit.

"Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long;
So shalt thou make life, death, and the vast
forever."

One grand, sweet song,
Be noble in manners, for
"Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind."

Manners, like morals, come only by care and culture. I remember seeing, by the dusky twilight of a Sabbath evening, in the rich gloom of an old church in Naples, the marble figure of a woman instructing a child, with this legend graven beneath the statues: *Educatio et disciplina mores facit.*

Be noble in word, for words are pulsant things. Speech is a great lever for good or ill. Language is the substance of thought, the image of life, the revealer of secrets; and by its purity and perfectness is measured the culture of the individual and the civilization of the race. Purity of language is one of the moralities. Its desecration is profanity. It is worth the while of those who speak the language of Milton and Macaulay to speak it well. Let us not expatriate our minds and renounce our nativity by esteeming other languages better than our own. It is easy to take on foreign airs and prate of the tickling music of the Italian, the liquid facility of the French, and the rugged strength of the German; but it is wiser and more seemly to master first our own mother-tongue, and be content, if need be, only to speak and write it purely, in the best land under heaven, beneath the finest flag that floats.

It will be a great and glad gain if you can add to the power of pure speaking the higher accomplishment of sweet singing. A new charm arrives when the human voice, from weaving a plain web, warbles into embroideries of sound. Like prose thrilling into poetry, like plain-clad queens putting on their royal attire of satin and jewels, like Cinderella dressed for the prince's party, are "noble words" when fitted with perfect music. Happy they who sing! It is a gift, which, if they rightly use, will be a solace and a safeguard. They may sing away despondency and the devil, as Browning's Balaustine, with the Alkestis of Euripides, sang herself and her ship's company into safety in the harbor of Syracuse, and as Orpheus with his music brought the Argonauts safely past the flowery isle and on to Colchis and the golden fleece.

I spoke also of being true. "To thine own self be true, And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man." Keep peace with conscience; court its approval; for when you have lost this you have nothing left that is worth keeping. Without it the applause of men will be a sound empty of significance, and to hear the nations praising you will be unsubstantial and illusory as the roll of drums in the triumph of a dream.

Be students, always, even when you cease to be scholars, and master thoroughly that which you learn; for not what you acquire, but what you assimilate, will be of use. What you learn should be timber built into your life, not lumber stored in your mind. If you weave knowledge with the fibre of your soul, and knit it fast into the structure of your very life, it shall be as strong wings with which you may fly; but if you hold it to you by mere external adhesion, fastened merely by the perishable wax of memory, then in your attempts to mount in the open air and sunlight of practical life, you will meet the fate of Icarus, falling "with shattered pinions through the sun's serene dominions."

And education is never finished. You have just begun; but if you have two keys—a knowledge of mathematics and of the English language—all studies are accessible to you. Before you are ampler realms and fairer fields than you ever dreamed, elysian fields green with the watering of Perian springs, where you may pluck the unforbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge—a fruit which, if I were asked to name, I should call, in Longfellow's phrase, "the golden pomegranates of Eden;" pomegranates, I say meaningly, because in knowledge there are many gifts and blessings, as in a pomegranate you have food, drink, odor, color, all at once; for it delights the eye with its veined beauty, pleases the smell with its aroma, allays thirst with its juice, and satisfies hunger with its pulp.

Knowledge is power. Plutarch relates that when the Athenians under Nikias and Demosthenes, marching on Syracuse, were defeated and taken prisoners, all the generals were put in prison and all the soldiers were branded in the forehead and condemned to dig and starve in the quarries of Epipolae. None were spared; no rich man was advantaged by his riches, no strong man by his strength, no handsome man by his beauty. None received favor, save a certain few who could recite the poetry of Euripides, the tragic poet. Any who could repeat a chorus or a prologue, the passion of a play or a

few golden lines, was spared. If he lay bleeding on the battle-field, they staunch his wounds and gave him drink and food; if he were a slave in the house or in the quarry, and they heard him quote Euripides, they rose up in reverence, bowed to him as a master, and bade him go free. Knowledge, in their case, was liberty; in every case it is to be sought for like a treasure, and kept like a crown.

TENT-LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.

MR. EDITOR: To those of your readers who have listened to words of prayer beneath the huge tent at Martha's Vineyard, or joined in the songs of praise which rise yearly from the groves of Yarmouth and Sterling, the little company who have been gathered beneath the live-oaks of southern California would have seemed strange. But the words of prayer were just as earnest, and the hymns were just the same by the waters of the Pacific, as we have heard by the Atlantic waves.

The first Methodist camp-meeting in Santa Barbara valley was held in Smith's canyon, about ten miles from Santa Barbara city, during the past two weeks. The territory from which to draw people is not large, and only our own little city and one small village are settled thickly, but more were present than had been anticipated. Twenty-five tents were raised, and about two hundred people constantly attended, while on Sunday over five hundred were present. I know how small this seems beside the thousands who gather at home, but I believe the two weeks spent here were as pleasant as possible as in a larger assembly. With only three or four ministers, the services were carried on three times a day, with five or six prayer-meetings daily, in addition. Some were led to seek Christ, and many who love Him drew nearer to Him and felt His love more really than ever before. We heard one old captain, who has been a servant of God for over fifty years, say that he never in his life had seen such a state of unity and Christian love and fellowship.

Smith's canyon is a pretty place for camping or tenting. It lies nestled among the mountains which stand guard on either side. The grove of live-oaks, where the stand is placed, is about a mile from its mouth. Beyond the grove are patches of ferns and brakes and pretty clumps of flowers. We gathered one, akin to, if not the same as, our brake at home, growing to the height of nine feet, and our next tent neighbor found one eleven feet in height.

We also found tall, beautiful spires of the *Quiole*, or, to give its more romantic name, Spanish Dagger. Sometimes we would see the stalks, far up on the mountain side, gleaming like silver against the *chaparral*, and we remember one that swung its white bells safely on the very mountain top, inaccessible to us, though hundreds of eyes looked at it longingly. But those we did get were beautiful. If you have never seen one, imagine a reed-like pole, or staff, five or six feet in height, covered with hundreds of creamy white bells perhaps two inches in diameter, and springing from a cluster of sharp, pointed leaves that cut and pierce like knives, and you will gain some idea of its beauty. A friend once had the patience to count twelve hundred and fifty-four blooms on one stalk.

A mile beyond the grove are sulphur, iron, magnesia, and salts springs, and fresh, clear water, springing from within a few rods of each other. It was one of the attractions of the place to look for perfect twigs and ferns incrusting with thick coatings of lime and magnesia. A mile or so beyond these, a stream of fresh water makes a succession of leaps over the rocky cliffs, forming three falls of twenty, sixty, and forty feet, the two upper falling into basins worn out round and smooth in the rock. At the head of this stream, a celebrated botanist says that, standing in one spot, he has been able to count forty varieties of rare plants. We clambered down to the pool by a rope, thirty feet, or more, and throwing down our shawls, lay down close to the green water, whose depth has never been sounded, and watched the stream before us, and the tiny swallows who brooded their young and looked at us fearlessly from the cliffs, and the ever-changing shadows of the trees, and the tiny mosses and ferns, until the reddening shafts of sunlight warned us to cease our singing and go home.

Stay one moment more with me, before we leave the camp-ground. Just stand for a little while at the tent door on Sunday night. On the right, between us and the mountain, the tops of the sycamores in the ravine below us glisten green and silvery in the moonbeams, and we hear the water trickle over the stones at their feet. Before us is the preacher's stand, the rough boards hidden in white, and festooned by loving hands with flowers and ferns, and with the motto, "Trust in God," standing out plainly in the shifting light. Between us and the preacher, the bowed heads, and the voice of prayer show that hearts are feeling God's blessing, and the soft song "Nearer, my God to Thee," tells of hearts being given anew to God's service.

As we turned, in mind, to the dear ones by the Atlantic, we felt nearer to them in the thought that the same words of song ascended to the same Father, though a continent divide us here.

ABBY I. HALLS.

Santa Barbara, Cal., July 2.

No one can explain prayer. Its basis is in the sentimentality of religion and in God's command.—*Sitting.*

LAKE GENEVA, WISCONSIN.

BY E. A. BURNELL.

Our friends who travel abroad are impressed with the time given by families, and entire communities even, to open-air entertainments and amusements; and the question comes up, Is there not something for us to learn—the undesirable to avoid, and the desirable to imitate. Relaxation and rest, change, absence from home care, is beneficial. The common method of going from home to a watering place for two to four weeks, is an absence which too often results in spiritual decline. Surely there should be a new departure in the matter of instruction and religious helpfulness for the summer vacation. The meetings at Old Orchard, Martha's Vineyard, Round Lake, Chautauque, and Lake Cliff, are an index of the drift in public sentiment.

Lake Geneva village is the terminus of a branch of the Northwestern Railroad, and on the bank of this charming lake. The lake is two miles wide by seven miles long, is fed by springs, and is the beginning of quite a respectable river. Its wooded banks, pebbly shore, and clear, sparkling water, make of it one of the handsomest lakes in the world. Its fine steamers, "Lucius Medbury" and "Lady of the Lake," afford ample transportation. Chicago business men have half a million dollars invested in grounds and buildings, with \$90,000 in three private steam yachts, and several sailing yachts. Harvard, Marengo, Rockford, Elgin, and several other places, have camps bearing their names, that are annually visited by increasing numbers from their several localities.

Camp Collier, the location of the Christian Work Assembly, comprises sixteen acres of elevated promontory, jutting out into the lake. The good man of God who owns it, and whose name it bears, was one of the three graduates of Beloit College—of its first class. For his excellence and symmetry of character it is enough to say, that from his theological studies he went to Delevan, Wis. (nine miles from this camp), and has been the honored pastor of one Church for twenty-four years. For the past decade he has "vacated" on this lake, preaching to his Church fifty Sabbaths in the year, and regularly supplying two outposts. The kind of inspiration that he gets he feels others—yes, many others—should enjoy, and in this sentiment our correspondent fully shares. The programme that we are now working out was planned for eight days, but is already extended to eleven. Rev. Dr. Patton and Rev. Mr. Daniels (who wrote up Mr. Moody) have been among our speakers. Drs. Goodwin and Kidder, with Jno. V. Farwell, came to-day. To-morrow is temperance day, the noble band of Christian women having entire control of the day's sessions. From 6 to 6.30 A. M. we have morning prayer; two hours A. M. and two hours P. M. are heartily and earnestly filled in, at the beautiful amphitheatre, with the practical topics. The day is closed with evening prayer around the camp fire, and a service of song. Every step is taken with reference to an annual Christian Work Assembly at Camp Collier.

OUR ECLECTIC.

"It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field,
Nor ours to hear on summer eves
The reaper's song among the sheaves;
Yet, were our duty's task wrought
In union with God's great thought,
The past and future blend in one,
And whatsoever is willed is done."

THE ETERNAL YOUTH OF HOMER. The "Iliad" is from two to three thousand years older than "Machebe," and yet it is as fresh as if it had been written yesterday. We have there a lesson save in the emotions which rise in us as we read. Homer had no philosophy; he never struggles to press upon us his views about this or that; yet he scarcely fails, indeed, whether his sympathies are Greek or Trojan, but he represents to us faithfully the men and women among whom he lived. He says the tale of Troy, he touched his lyre, he drained the golden beaker in the halls of men like those to whom he was conferring immortality. And thus, although no Agamemnon, king of men, ever led a Grecian fleet to Ilium; though no Priam sought the midnight tent of Achilles; though Ulysses and Diomed and Nestor were but names, and Helen but a dream, yet, through Homer's power of representing men and women, those old Greeks will still stand out from amidst the darkness of the ancient world with a sharpness of outline which belongs to no period of history except the most recent.

For the mere hard purposes of history, the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" are the most effective books which ever were written. We see the hall of Menelaus, we see the garden of Alcibiades, we see Nausica among her maidens on the shore, we see the mellow monarch sitting with ivory sceptre in the market-place dealing out genial justice. Or, again, when the wild mood is on us, we can hear the crash of the spears, the rattle of the armor as the heroes fall, and the plunging of the horses among the slain. Could we enter the palace of an old Ionian lord, we know what we should see there; we know the words in which he would address us. We could meet Hector as a friend. If we could choose a companion to spend an evening with over a fireside, it would be the man of many counsels, the husband of Penelope.

—*FRANK'S Science of History.*

CERTAINTIES AND UNCERTAINTIES.

We live in times of disintegration, and none can tell what will be after us. What opinions, what convictions, the infant of to-day will find prevailing on the earth, if he and it live out together to the middle of another century, only a very bold man would undertake to conjecture. "The time will come," said Lichtenberg, in scorn at the materializing tendencies of modern thought—"the time will come when the belief in God will be as the tales with which old women frighten children; when the world will be a machine, the ether a gas, and God will be a force." Mankind, if they last long enough on the earth, may develop strange things out of themselves; and the growth of what is called the positive philosophy is a curious commentary on Lichtenberg's prophecy. But whether the end be seventy years hence, or seven hundred—be the close of the mortal history of humanity as far distant in the future as its shadowy beginnings seem now to lie behind us,—this only we may foretell with confidence—that the riddle of man's nature will remain unsolved. There will be that in him yet which physical laws will fail to explain,—that something, whatever it be, in himself and in the world, which science cannot fathom, and which suggests the unknown possibilities of his origin and his destiny. There will remain yet

"Those obsolete questionings
Of sense and outward things;
Falling from us, vanishing;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized;
High instincts, before which our mortal
nature
Doth tremble like a guilty thing surprised."

There will remain

"Those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day—
Are yet the master-light of all our seeing—
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the Eternal Silence."

—*Ibid.*

THE BIBLE.

The Holy Scripture is the young man's own book. It denounces vice without feeding a dangerous curiosity. It dignifies virtue, not as a means of getting on, but as success and happiness now; and best of all, it gives the young man the one exclusive way in which vice is vanquished and virtue attained. It lifts up Christ. It invites to the cross. It offers the new heart and the right spirit. It penetrates the disguises of elegant sin, and exposes the sophistry of cultivated iniquity. It flashes its revealing rays upon the opening abyss to which the tempter leads. It unmasks the voluptuous angel of light, and shows the malicious fiend. Into the scale against the "pleasures of sin for a season," it throws the "peace of God," and the "pleasures forevermore."—*Dr. John Hall.*

Our Book Table.

From Harper & Brothers we have a fresh novel by Wm. Black, entitled THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PRISONER. 32mo, pp. 266. Price \$1.50. To their Library of Select Novels they add HEAPS OF MONEY, by W. E. Norris. Price 25 cents. They publish, also, in their Half Hour Series, THE JILT, by Charles Reade, illustrated (20 cents), and THE MILL OF ST. HERBERT, a Breton Story, by Katharine S. Macquoid (20 cents).

James R. Osgood & Co. issue, in the same style as previous hand-books upon the European question, MOSCOW AND RUSSIA, with maps, by George M. Towle, a clear and comprehensive statement of the present condition of these principalities. They add to their vest-pocket series—A VIRTUOSO'S COLLECTION, by Hawthorne; THE TEXT ON THE BEACH, by Whittier; BYRON, by Lord Macaulay; and MILTON, from the same hand. What can be more attractive or better adapted to vacation reading than these gems of books?

RAMBLES AMONG BOOKS.

A Run to Khiva, by Fred Burnaby, begins, oddly, in Africa. This British captain was up the Nile, when he read in a paper that the Russians would not allow a British officer to visit Khiva. "I'll go," he said; and he went. But he would not have seen Khiva, had he not bribed his guide out of the way by offering to buy a horse of his brother. So they left the Russian fort to the left, and got to Khiva. Hardly had they reached it, ere the British officer received an order for his immediate appearance at that post. He failed to get out by the way of Persia, or to visit Bokhara. But he kept his word, saw Khiva, talked with its ameer, a fine-looking young man, heard how powerful he was, and how he longed for British intervention. The book is violently anti-Russian, and shows the political wisdom of that government in keeping such officers out of the country; for his talk is always against that rule. He shows how hot the blood is between these two great powers, and how certain it is that they must come to blows. It is lively and readable, but not especially valuable.

Through Persia by Caravan (Harper's) is less lively than Long or Burnaby, less valuable than Cameron; yet it is not without value. It shows how utterly degraded Persia is. It is doubtful if any half-civilized people ever had such a setting-out. His journey is taken after the fashion of the country. A Khan, or empy house, is all that is provided. Not provender for horse, nor food for the traveler, nor bedding, nor fuel, nor anything but a walled and sometimes roofed enclosure. The habits of the people are very filthy. The Shah's palace is a low and worthless structure. His European treasures are promiscuously scattered about. He is a dirty beast. The fire-worshippers he traces to petroleum oil, which escapes out of fissures in the rocks at Baka on the Caspian, and which was considered of divine origin. How pious the oil region of Pennsylvania ought to be! His work is timely. Persia is evidently far behind Turkey, yet both are thrust to the front to-day. Two Christian powers are fighting for the Mohammedans. Each has about an equal share of them already appropriated. The rest will

probably be divided at about the same ratio. As a contribution to our knowledge of the people, thus about to be gobbled up by Russia and England, this book is useful. The rivalry of these two powers is felt at Tashkent, and it is a question which is there the superior.

As a work of art, in the Levant, by Charles Dudley Warner (Osgood), surpasses any and all the English list. As a book of information, it is inferior to any and all. It is on the beaten track, Palestine, Damascus, Constantinople. But it sees what nobody else sees, and describes its visions as nobody else can describe them. It is a delicious poem in prose. Mummies and Moslems, its companion book, is one of the best portraits of Upper Egypt; that of Palestine. It is reverent, though to avoid appearing too pious, it sometimes injects irreverent jests into its sacred description. Yet nowhere does it make these sacred scenes a burlesque, as Mark Twain does. It is the most charming of summer tomes.

Hours of Thought on Sacred Things, by James Martineau (Roberts Bros.), gives us the sweet half-truths of which this writer is the master. He sees men as trees walking, but gentlemen and graceful trees. The Tides of the Spirit is a very pleasant talk on the benefits of the Sabbath as giving the Spirit a chance to lift its tides and sweep us up as his custom was, he went into the synagogues on the Sabbath day," is the text. The Christ on the mount of discourse is delightfully painted, as thus: "Though the mountain slope may still be found on which these words were uttered, the figure of Jesus, as he sat on a basaltic block and taught, is seen by us all across a chasm in which eighteen centuries are sunk; the diminished picture rises in the distance like a sunny knoll swelling out of a sea of darkness. And the voice reaches us, like intonations, rather than heard, of a vision or a dream." Mrs. Browning's "Eve Her blessedness is heard" is the original of that figure. The book is full of this fine fancy. What a perfect contrast to the square-cut figure of his sister Harriet! No music in her soul; only music in his. No wonder they were rent in twain. They could not fall to be. Whoever wishes for a mild decoration of theology in a book of fables and "rhetoric sweet," will find it in this volume. It will raise the soul, if not to heaven, to high levels of sacred thought and feeling.

The Cruise of the Challenger, by W. J. J. Spry, R. N. (Harpers), is the first of a series whose whole no man can number. Voyages of discovery have been made in every direction on land and sea, but under the sea has never before. At last Coleridge's dream is perfectly realized. The Challenger is

"the first
That ever burst
Into the unknown sea."
Emerson says our dreams are sometimes prophetic; Coleridge's was. He did not dream, however, of locating that sunless sea at the bottom of the ocean. That is the answer of the waking reality. This book is the account of that voyage. It had its defects, the voyage and the book. It was too defective. It rambled from England to the Azores, to Halifax, to Canaries, to South America, to the Pacific, to the Antarctic, to Australia, to everywhere, about. The story introduces too much that is above the sea and of the land. Lisbon, Tenerife, Valparaiso, Sydney, Halifax, Japan, and other such, fill half the pages. It looks as though but little was, after all, found of the bottom of the sea itself.

Nor is that little well arranged. It is all "pitched in" among these land descriptions, entirely out of place. We never know where to look for it. Nor is there much to look for. The secrets of the sea are not so marvelous as might have been supposed—dark brown mud, red clay, gray ooze, star fish, sponge, coral, etc. While life exists at the lowest depths, eighteen and twenty thousand feet, he says it rapidly diminishes after six thousand feet, which is analogous to the altitudes of the earth. The book is pleasant and readable, and will tempt many to go on like pilgrimages. A scientific record is to follow this. It is a pity the gossip did not wait on the scholar.

Little books are large books now-a-days. Harper's Half-hour Series, though small, are not small. The Turks in Europe tells, in a few pages, the story of this military despotism, this Mussulman camp in Christendom. The secrets of the sea are not so marvelous as might have been supposed—dark brown mud, red clay, gray ooze, star fish, sponge, coral, etc. While life exists at the lowest depths, eighteen and twenty thousand feet, he says it rapidly diminishes after six thousand feet, which is analogous to the altitudes of the earth. The book is pleasant and readable, and will tempt many to go on like pilgrimages. A scientific record is to follow this. It is a pity the gossip did not wait on the scholar.

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Discourses at Even-tide, by Nehemiah Adams, D. D., is in press by D. Lothrop & Co. These sermons were preached in Boston and Charleston, S. C., since the author's voyage round the world, near the close of an active ministry of almost fifty years. Their publication was unanimously called for by the evangelized ministers of Charleston, in a highly complimentary correspondence, printed in the introduction. The volume is dedicated to the past and present members of Union Church, Boston, and to his brethren in the ministry. This book, which includes a photograph of a late portrait of Dr. Adams, will prove a rare benediction to his friends. These sermons, on varied subjects, are among the richest productions of this author, and are characterized by the classic simplicity and imagery which have caused Dr. Adams to be styled "the Washington Irving of sermon writers." For the convenience of summer travelers Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co. have prepared the Wide Awake Library, containing the first four volumes of the Wide Awake Magazine, elegantly bound, and put in a strong and beautiful Broom's, a temperance story book.—John R. Rochester, N. Y., is just issued by D. Lothrop & Co. The midsummer Wide Awake will give No. XI of the Poet's Home Series, by R. H. Stoddard, relative to R. H. Dana, sen.—Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co. issue The Uttering Guide, edited by Rev. H. V. Dexter, D. D.

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ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1877.

This is not an hour to be off our guard. The supreme moment may come to us in the period of our recreation. The mountain, the sea-side, the steam ship and the steam car are as liable to be the scene of our final adieu to time, as our quiet homes. "I awoke with simply the consciousness that my car was sliding from its track," said Dr. Whedon, to us, the other day, referring to his extraordinary escape from death, last spring, in the terrible railroad casualty in which he was one of the sufferers; "but I knew nothing more until I found myself in the deep valley, the car an absolute wreck, standing up amid the ruins with Mrs. W. bleeding before me. If the frightful descent of the car had been, as it is a wonder that it was not, fatal to me, I should have had no consciousness of suffering or of what was happening." Our only safety is in our constant relations with the divine Master, that whether He comes at midnight or midday we shall be at once ready to respond to His call and say, "Come, Lord Jesus, and come quickly," and die as safely in unconscious slumber as when in the full enjoyment of our awakened senses.

It is an occasion for congratulation, that the present irritating questions in our national politics are to be first submitted to the broad congress of public discussion before becoming the topics for the narrower and more heated debates of the Capitol. In this wide review, now going on, in newspaper and quarterly, in open convention, in State legislatures, and on special occasions as at Woodstock, numerous misconceptions and misstatements will be gradually corrected; many evils will be abated; the violence of contrary opinions will be assuaged; the real state of public opinion in all portions of the land will be made manifest. The experiment of the new policy will have had something of a trial, and the effect of it upon the condition of the colored population of the Southern States will have been, in some measure, disclosed, before Congress assembles. It will be impossible to awaken a violent debate afresh over the question of the legitimacy of Mr. Hayes' occupancy of the presidential chair; and, with no great temptations growing out of the patronage of a successful party to inspire obstructive legislation, there seems to be little occasion to fear any very irritating discussion, while the real financial exigencies and public interests of the hour will press for an early, full and patriotic consideration.

The best pastor is not the great disciplinarian, but the one who keeps things in such good order that there is no need of discipline. The one rules by a pressure from outside, the other by gaining control of the heart; the one administers the letter, the other supercedes the use of the letter by the spirit. The one, like a grounded iceberg, chafes and grinds in his course and lives in a perpetual struggle; the other sails upon a fair sea having all the breezes and tides to help him on his voyage. In the one case the man executes discipline (and often the people also); in the other the discipline executes itself. What of what you call discipline is carnal contention in the name of religion. The Gospel has no higher sheriff and general jailer. The Gospel is not here to fight with and overmaster men. The Gospel is good-will and peace; and when you get where you cannot rule by love, you may well throw down your commission. God has no use for an inquisition in His Church. As a severe disciplinarian, you are to be suspected and avoided. Your crabbed way is rather indicative of a coarse and gruff nature than of the grace of God, and is more in harmony with a Spanish bull-fight than with the Church of Christ. The great Shepherd does not employ bull-dogs to tend and guard His sheep. The dog is good to bite the wolf, not the sheep. Too often the wolf rejoices to see the dogs devour the sheep.

There is no form of selfishness so forbidding in itself, or so paralyzing in its effect upon the subject, or so injurious to the progress of the Church, as that exhibited in the person of Christian professors. Against such, may not the apostle have warned his disciples when he said "Beware of dogs!" Certainly they are the most uncomfortable and obstructive of all "dogs in the manger." They must have the whole order of the Church according to their plan, or they will snarl and bite and make themselves and everybody near them uncomfortable. They must have the minister they determine upon, however inconvenient it may be to secure him. What care they for the ecclesiastical system into which they have entered by a solemn covenant? What is it to them how much personal suffering and public injury follows the execution of their purposes. They do not wish to reason. They will not

be conciliated. They stubbornly plant themselves upon their own choice, and stand ready to rule or ruin the Church. The pastor must follow their judgment as to his sermons, the number and character of his services, and in his pastoral work. The singing, the sexton, the salary, the Sunday-school—in short, every detail of Church work must accord with their idea, or they are "down upon it." "From all such, good Lord, deliver us!" They are not the strength of the Church, whatever may be their social position, their wealth or their intelligence; they are the special occasions of its weakness.

There is a class of narrow reformers who make themselves conspicuous by their offensive attacks and criticisms upon others laboring in the same cause, but sometimes holding differing views as to men and measures. They never accomplish any practical service themselves, but simply weaken the attacking force against an admitted evil by destroying confidence in the friends of the movement. They have no breadth, no modesty, no wisdom, no charity, but are endowed with a voluble tongue, an insatiable pen, and a scolding voice. They constantly lose sight of the great object to be attained. They have not the slightest idea of availing themselves of every possible helping hand. They cannot conceive of any mode for reaching the desired result, save the one which they have marked out for themselves. And the great end itself, which is sought for, is swallowed up, often, in the more cherished purpose of bringing themselves into notoriety, even at the expense of better men. The sound of their voice, or the sight of their names in print, is sweeter to any real victory in the progress of reform. All this becomes particularly offensive when it is, as is often the case, coupled with declamatory assertions of peculiar conscientiousness, and the most offensive utterances are poured out, as they assure us, from an unspeakably painful sense of duty. No cause has suffered more from these narrow, volubrious, uncharitable, impracticable advocates than the great and good temperance reform. An outspoken and many frankness, combined with a noble and generous charity; a positive and unswerving utterance of honest convictions, but expressed in terms becoming a Christian gentleman; a hearty recognition of all that is praiseworthy, even in those that do not fully reach our standard of opinion and duty—these are the true characteristics of a persuasive and successful reformer.

Discipline in the Church is so severe and dangerous a remedy that it should be applied only in extreme cases. It kills as often as it cures. The awful surgery is in danger of reaching the vitals. The merciful pastor will apply it only when all other means fail, or when there is imminent danger that the gangrene extend to the whole body. To reach the point of discipline is usually to reach the point of death, as the patient in most cases lacks the vitality to survive the operation. And if that were all, the case would be more hopeful. That would be the loss of but one. The party disciplined is ordinarily the centre of a group of friends and sympathizers, many of whom may be excellent people; you can't cut away the centre and leave the extremes untouched. In pulling the tares you uproot the wheat also. The difficulties and dangers suggest the need of extreme caution in the use of this dangerous instrument, as well as preliminary effort to obviate the necessity of it. Here the old proverb about the ounce of prevention and the pound of cure is applicable. Let not the evil take root, and there will be no call for the remedy.

An intermittent religious life is both unprofitable and dangerous. The steady gale bears the ship most directly and safely to port; gusts and hurricanes forebode shipwreck and ruin of all on board. The true type of religion is the well of water "springing up to everlasting life." The grace of God, received in the soul, becomes a permanent religious force operating steadily and beneficially along the whole line of our earthly activities. By such steady and consistent endeavors the most is made of the opportunities of life, and the utmost security is guaranteed against the surprises and onsets of the enemy. The sail kept well in hand, the storm never takes you unawares. The strong current of religious experience bears your bark steadily to the port.

There are philosophical as well as vulgar mischief-makers—magicians in contention. They will excite the most angry and jealous passions about them, while in the midst of the storm they stand perfectly cool and collected, the arbiters, as it were, of the dispute. Though they make trouble, they seldom get into it themselves; they slyly open the pit and let others drop into it, while they stand philosophically and survey the scene. These people are a sort of storm-gods, finding their interest satisfaction in the disturbance of the elements. If you would have your community free from their charms, you must banish the magicians. You will never be able to see their weapons; you will never be able to convict them of the mischief. Some other "poor Tray" will be sure to be beaten for the evil.

PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION.

It is a very wholesome sign when public discussions are held among our leading citizens, carried on not simply by teachers and persons officially connected with the educational work of the State, but by some of our best-trained citizens, intellectually and practically, as in a late gathering in the vicinity of our city. We have noticed, of late, that there is little tendency to overrate the character or results of the work accomplished in our primary and higher common schools at the present time. Indeed, the habit is quite common of indulging in pretty severe and sweeping criticism, and of comparing

the modern school with its condition some years ago, not entirely to the credit of the former.

Nothing can be more evident, however, than that, on the whole, we have now a better educated class of teachers, and it can hardly be possible that our schools can help feeling the effect of such a gain. The whole subject of education has been thoroughly and carefully discussed in our permanent and periodical literature. Our normal schools, if they have trained only a small portion of our teachers, have awakened a general inquiry as to the best modes of instruction, and have constantly infused fresh and valuable ideas as to the art of pedagogy. These schools cannot, indeed, make good teachers out of poor materials, as all the polishing possible will not make a razor out of an iron hoop; but they do teach intelligent pupils how to avail themselves of their knowledge, and how, in the most effective way, to secure the attention, awaken the interest, and develop the thinking powers of the child. They afford the young scholar, just graduated from the high school or college, what he knows he needs, and what stands between him and an engagement as an instructor—an opportunity for, and experience in, the delicate work of instruction. We have not, therefore, felt any accord with the opposition which has been raised against the State support which these schools are now receiving. They have already accomplished a valuable service in developing the best modes of training, as well as in sending hundreds of accomplished teachers of both sexes into our schools.

One great occasion of the superficiality of the public school education of to-day, especially in our cities, is the multiplicity of subjects of study which have been introduced. They are all valuable accomplishments; they may be of practical service in after life; they aid in securing a harmonious mental development; but they are not indispensable to a fair introduction into fundamental knowledge. A young person can secure his living, have at hand the means of obtaining for himself, if studious, just as broad an acquaintance with science, literature and the languages, as he pleases, be a good citizen, and intelligently discharge all his public duties, without being trained in music or drawing. To make opportunity for these, and certain branches, such as physiology, and physics, and English literature, etc.—all very important in themselves—the old-fashioned fundamental studies are crowded to the wall, and but a short space is allowed to any one branch of knowledge. Indeed, in some of our schools, nearly all the hours are occupied in recitations, and but the most limited period is devoted to hearty and honest study. Branches like writing, reading, spelling and plain figures, with the simplest rudiments of grammar and a general outline of superficial and physical geography, which are absolutely requisite for the daily business and intelligent discharge of the relations of life, are placed upon the same basis with the other important but not vital studies, and receive no more attention. And this, in the instance of young persons whose school education closes with the graded public school!

It is not wonderful that these pupils, when examined upon the studies over which they have skinned for a month or two, some time after the subject has been driven from their memories by other branches, show but the most indifferent results. They really have acquired no positive and permanent acquaintance with the subject which held for a little while their attention. And this suggests the remark that, ordinarily, too much is usually expected from young children, on the part of mature examiners, in their test trials. Let any sensible man, who has not been a teacher since he left school or college, and who has not freshened his memory by a re-examination of his text-books, or by the faithful discharge of the honorable duties of his office as a member of the school board of the town, attempt to pass a written examination upon quite simple technical questions in geography, history, higher arithmetic, algebra, philosophy, or English literature. There will probably be an extraordinary revelation to himself of the treacherousness of memory, and of the readiness with which all these details become dim where the dust is not almost daily brushed away. But the man does not depreciate himself on this account. He knows just where to place his hand upon all he needs; a few moments' recurrence to the old text-books, a simple reading of rules and canons, and he is prepared at once to respond correctly to all questions.

Education is not the simple storing the memory with a body of facts, and properly classifying them. It is disclosing to the student his implements and his armory. It is developing his intellectual powers, and then the whole world of letters and of knowledge is wide open before him. There are a few processes of arithmetic that must be firmly impressed upon his memory, as all operations in figures depend upon them. Our present orthography is so arbitrary that it can only be acquired, like the multiplication table, by protracted and hard study, and only be imprinted upon the memory by persistent repetition. After these few fundamental branches, that must be learned and constantly kept fresh in the memory, are acquired, the great thing in our schools is to awaken an enthusiasm for learning in the pupil, to make it a delight to him to study, to arouse his own thoughts, to set him to reading and the application of his

knowledge to some practical work. He may pass respectably through the schools, and yet be, in a few years, almost as helpless as to real knowledge, as if he had never entered them, unless he has received an inspiration which urges him on, through some chosen lines of study or investigation. Many a dull scholar has suddenly been awakened up, and then voluntarily has set himself to hours of reading and study that no school discipline could enforce upon him.

The real teacher is, perhaps, born, not made, even in normal schools. It is not enough to insist upon a certain round of exercises; to permit dull pupils to fall back; to do no more than to listen to recitations and administer discipline. The true teacher is like a good pastor; his responsibility is enhanced rather than weakened by the weakness, incapacity and stubbornness of his flock. Dr. Arnold used to say that it was not the bright pupil, but the stupid one, that measured the powers and skill of the instructor. The hour of study should be made effectual and absorbing by intelligent direction and quiet aid, and the hour of recitation should be a period of enthusiastic interest. If adequate care is taken to obtain suitable teachers, there will be no failure in obtaining positive and satisfactory results from the school. Whether it is possible to abbreviate the list of text-books in our grammar schools is doubtful, although such a curtailment is greatly to be desired. Certain lines of instruction have been settled upon. These somewhat ornamental branches have become so firmly established in the schools, are so pleasant in themselves, can be turned to so much practical account, are really so useful in awakening life, and holding the attention of pupils, that it will be difficult, if not impossible, to displace them. But next to the election of accomplished teachers, every intelligent observer must be convinced that a pruning of the list of studies in our common schools would be of the highest service.

THE FOURTH AT WOODSTOCK.

The demonstration at Woodstock, Conn., on the 4th of July, was not the first similar entertainment the enterprising publisher of the *Independent* has provided for the rural population of northeastern Connecticut; but we doubt if he has ever before been quite so successful in making his picnic an affair of national significance. This year it was the most noteworthy celebration of the day. The speeches made in the leafy amphitheatre by the lake-side to the audience of sturdy farmers and their families who came from far and near, were speeches for which a vast, unseen audience was intently listening, influenced by curiosity as to what the speakers might say rather than by any faith that they were to speak the word for the hour.

We can well believe it was a pleasant occasion for those who participated. There is no better way to celebrate the day than withdrawal to rural scenes, and flavoring a social picnic festivity with some good strong talk on the nation's present wants. It is a kind of patriotic camp-meeting. Who that ever attended one of them, will forget the Fourth of July meetings of the old anti-slavery society in the Framingham grove? It is not difficult for any one who knows how Governor Chamberlain's youthful opinions were moulded, and what were the sources of his early political inspiration, to account for his brave, persistent, and whole-hearted devotion to the advancement of the negro's fortunes, and measurably also for his independent, unswayed and unsparring style of criticism of those who, in his judgment, obstruct that advancement.

Without the political speeches, the day at Woodstock would have been an interesting one. It isn't often that any audience, gathered on the anniversary of the nation's birth, has opportunity to listen to better speakers than John S. Waite, Professor Cyrus Northrup, Dr. Buckley and Rev. Theodore Cuyler, or to hear better poetry than that of Dr. Holmes and Mary Clemmer. But when, in addition to these, there was afforded opportunity to hear public men of the distinction, for talent and success, of Senator Blaine and Governor Chamberlain, speaking on subjects in respect to which the nation was intent to catch their deliverances, the opportunity was certainly an unusual one. It is concerning the political addresses, and especially that of Governor Chamberlain, that we would say a word, even at this late day.

We find no fault with the topic of Governor Chamberlain's speech, having little sympathy with that sentiment which rules out of order as impertinent on the Fourth of July any expressions of opinion about which patriotic men may disagree. All that can reasonably be asked, is that men who choose to discuss vital and unsettled questions, do so honestly and in the interest of patriotism. In behalf of the nation's honor and prosperity, or in behalf of imperiled rights and liberties, any serious criticism, any earnest appeal, is timely. Whoever supposes Governor Chamberlain spoke from any other motive than a patriotic and honorable one, we are confident, does him injustice. From his standpoint and in his judgment, the course of the President seems fraught with peril to the country. There is no question of his sincerity. When he said, "Silence is, for me, cowardice," he felt it.

Surely, if any one has earned a right—a peculiar and superior right—to speak freely and be heard respectfully on any question concerning the relation of the nation to the Southern

States, Governor Chamberlain is that man. He went South soon after he returned from the war, on an errand of mercy, to clear up the affairs of a classmate drowned in Charleston harbor. He remained to engage in planting, and was a planter for two or three years, having nothing to do with politics. When the convention met to form a State constitution under the reconstruction acts, he was a member, and in its judiciary committee did excellent service in modeling the instrument. The constitution launched, two opportunities were presented to him: He might be a representative in Congress, or Attorney General of the State. As a man of selfish ambition, more anxious to achieve distinction than to do service, would not have done, he chose the latter place. He appreciated, as few did, the great trials and temptations that would beset the untrained freedmen in their effort to establish and sustain the machinery of a State government. The white people did not believe it could be done. They stood aloof, refusing aid, expecting to see the experiment of negro government fail, when they thought it would be necessary to appeal to them. It would have failed in South Carolina but for the few white men from the North, of talent and discipline, who guided it. Chamberlain retained his office during the administration of Governor Scott.

At the end of his term the sharp-witted, immoral, and corrupt elements of the party got the temporary control, nominated the infamous Moses for governor, and Chamberlain retired from politics, occupying himself with the practice of his profession and with exerting what influence he could to counteract the wretched and riotous government which was ruining the State and demoralizing the party. At the end of Moses' term it was apparent that the party must present another candidate, or be beaten. Its recent men dared not risk the saturnalia. They turned to Chamberlain for help. He was nominated after one of the bitterest convention struggles ever known. He pledged himself to reform, and denounced the conduct of the last administration without reserve. As candidate, he went through the State appealing to the Republicans to send good men to the legislature, honest Democrats rather than corrupt Republicans, declaring again and again, "I would not vote for a dishonest man if he had a hundred regular nominations." He was elected, and in the administration of his office he kept his pledges with the faithfulness and courage of a true knight. Fighting on the one hand the prejudices and schemes of the Democratic party, and on the other, baffling the projects of the corrupt ring of his own party, he achieved successes that have rarely been equalled in American political leadership. He was re-elected after a terrible and protracted struggle that tested courage in an extraordinary way, and the hard-earned victory was turned to ashes in his grasp by the President's policy. His praiseworthy ambition to rescue the name of Republicanism in the South from the shame it had too much merited, was thwarted and defeated forever by the action which the republican President felt called upon to take.

Shall we, therefore, join with Governor Chamberlain in pronouncing the President a traitor to his party and his party's principles? We do not so interpret his action. We believe the policy pursued was dictated by honorable and patriotic motives; that under the circumstances of the case it was a wise policy, and that it will result in good; and we say this, knowing that it has in individual cases wrought hardships and injustice, and knowing, too, that the negro race is likely to have a smaller share in government than it has had during the past ten years, and that if the old issues are to be kept alive in politics, the Republican party has lost control of every Southern State. Wherein, then, has anything been gained? Well, the first great gain is the loss of the old issue in the form in which it was made up for past conflicts. In the nature of things it runs the dividing line of parties at the South between the races, and whatever that was an evil and bred evil continually. So long as the question fought over was the political status of the negro, the Southern whites were bound to be on one side, and the negroes on the other. As soon as ever the questions between parties are such as will divide, even unequally, the whites of the South, either side will welcome all the assistance it can obtain from the negro, and he will have a proper status without fighting for it at all.

Take an illustration within our experience here at the North: When the great question of politics was concerning the status of foreign-born citizens, the foreign-born citizens were all on one side. When the question became one concerning the preservation of the life of the nation, the party which contained most of those who had opposed a liberal policy toward the foreign-born citizens, ceased its opposition and welcomed everyone who could help on its triumph. Nothing was heard then of proscription. Let any question of practical politics as distinguished from sentimental politics come to the front—the question of tariff or free trade, of sound money or a dilutive currency, of a policy of internal improvement or the contrary, of an aggressive foreign policy or a peaceful one—which will divide the white race by a new line North and South, and it will be seen that the question of the negro's political rights is already settled, and that they are practically secured. It need not require a great national question to do that. Local questions

arising in the Southern States, a different one in each State, or even the rival ambitions of politicians seeking office, may suffice to do it. Already we read that in some of the Southern States the Republican party—that is to say the party of colored men, the race party—is abandoning its organization. But there will not long be only one party. The people are certain to split into two, and both will covet the negro vote, and in all probability will divide it. Very likely there will long be more or less prejudice against giving high office to colored men, just as there is in localities now against giving high office to Jews, Irishmen, Germans, or Catholics, and it will have to be overcome in the same way. It may take longer in some cases than in others, but there is no way of forcing the thing unnaturally without doing more harm than good. Education, the acquisition of property, the manifestation of self-respect and all high virtues, will gradually win confidence, or, if they will not, it cannot be compelled.

Therefore, while appreciating Governor Chamberlain's sincerity and courage as displayed at Woodstock, and having no disposition to indulge in censure, we think he has not done either the purpose of the President or the tendency of his policy full justice, and we are as far as ever from being convinced that the President has not done honestly and wisely what will promote peace throughout the land, and the quickest, practical establishment of the great principle of equal rights contended for by the Republican party.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY.

The first article of the July number is a review of Pope's Christian Theology, by Rev. John Miley, D. D., of Drew Theological Seminary. In one respect Methodism is like the century plant. After a hundred years of growth, it has suddenly blossomed out in an efflorescence of systematic theology—Pope's, Raymond's, and "more to follow," if Dr. W. F. Warren can be relieved from administrative duties long enough to put his lectures into form for the press. Dr. Pope, the representative of the English Wesleyans to the General Conference of 1876, is at the head of the Didsbury College, one of the Wesleyan schools of the prophets. His Christian Theology is a stout and rather high-priced volume, embracing the following topics: 1. Divine rule of faith; 2. God; 3. God and the creature; 4. Sin; 5. The mediatorial ministry; 6. The administration of redemption; 7. Eschatology.

Dr. Miley reviews the first five of these topics, generally according with the author. He takes exceptions to the statement that the being of God is not only an innate idea, but a demonstrable truth, to the guilt of the race on account of the sin of Adam, and to the attempt to combine in one view three theories of the atonement—the substitutional, the governmental, and the moral influence theories. We hope that Dr. Miley will finish his eminently discriminating review, in a second paper.

President Grant's Indian Policy is the subject of the next paper, contributed by S. G. Arnold, esq., Washington, D. C. This is a long and exceedingly interesting article, written in the interest of civil service reform, and demonstrating the success of President Grant's efforts in the radical reform of that nest of corruption, speculation and fraud, the Indian service. It is well known that he parceled out the Indian tribes to the care of the different Christian denominations, allowing them to nominate the agents. The results of this experiment are seen in the following figures from official resources, showing the rapid advance of the Indians in civilization:—

	1865.	1876.
Houses,	7,476	55,717
Schools,	311	344
Teachers,	124	437
Scholars,	4,718	11,328
Acres cultivated,	54,207	318,194
Wheat raised (bushels),	126,117	463,043
Corn "	467,363	2,229,463
Horses and mules,	43,900	310,043
Cattle,	42,574	811,398
Swine,	39,860	214,676
Sheep,	2,683	447,395

These astonishing upward steps in civilization were taken by 266,000 Indians in the United States, not including Alaska.

Here are grounds for devout thanksgiving to God, who hath made of one blood all nations. Thus the doctrine is exploded that the Indians were designed as a mere provisional race, to keep down the bears and wolves till the Europeans should come and dispossess and extinguish them. May we not hope that the Grant policy, continued by President Hayes four years longer, will lift the Indians above dependence on the government for food and clothing, and make them citizens of our republic? Already about one-tenth of their entire number—taking men, women and children together—are able to read, and about one-fifth of the whole number are Church members.

Mrs. Mary Stevens Robinson, New York, daughter of Dr. Abel Stevens, is the writer of the third article, entitled Mrs. Hannah Pearce Reeves, Preacher of the Gospel. This is a well-argued philosophy of woman's rights, illustrated by the career of Mrs. Reeves, an English woman who became an eminent Methodist Protestant preacher in Ohio and adjacent States. Converted among an immoral and benighted people, and called to preach by a summons indubitably clear, this rustic maid became an English Jeanne d'Arc on many a spiritual battle-field, while making gloves or serving as a domestic for her daily bread. Mrs. Robinson is quite conservative on one phase of the sphere of woman. She cannot follow two professions. She cannot be a mother and

a preacher also. This is her inference from the fact that Mrs. Reeves' children all died. But Victoria manages to be the mother of a large family and a first-rate sovereign.

The fourth paper is on Liberia at the American Centennial, by Edward W. Blyden, Principal of the Alexander High School, Liberia. Prof. Blyden is an African, whose pen has adorned previous numbers of the *Quarterly*. He apologizes for the slow development of Liberia by showing that its colonists were of a lower order in intelligence and enterprise than the early American colonists. It seems that so many go to Liberia empty-handed that the country is cursed with a permanent pauper class. The reviewer thinks that the Americanized negro is unfitted to be a successful teacher and leader of African civilization. He has too much to unlearn. He has been a parasite too long to be a successful founder of the empire of freedom. The Mohammedan teacher, in his knowledge of the African's temperament, and in his intimate sympathy with him, has the advantage of any foreign teacher, even though he be of African extraction. Another drawback to Liberia is misgovernment and a national debt of half a million dollars. A third source of weakness is the constant diminution and degeneracy of the people. This is a dark picture—extinct towns and crowded graveyards, the survivors few, scattered and spiritless. Removal to the elevated and salubrious interior is the only hope of this republic, dying in its cradle.

The Freedmen is a far more hopeful theme of a paper by Rev. Thomas H. Pearne, Dayton, O. He reviews the work of education among this class of American citizens, from the first school at Fortress Monroe in 1861, by Rev. Mr. Lockwood, down to the present time, in which a single agency, the American Missionary Association, is annually educating 60,000 freedmen. The gross amount expended for their education and evangelization in thirteen years is about \$20,000,000, an average of thirty-four cents annually for each. Still there are in the Southern States 1,137,303 voters who cannot read their votes. Illiteracy holds the balance of power in our republic! It looks dark ahead also. Of illiterate minors between the ages of ten and twenty-one, who cannot read nor write, there are 2,000,000, of whom 1,700,000, or about 85 per cent., are in the South. Almost two-thirds of these are white. Over 60 per cent. of the colored population cannot read nor write. These facts should stimulate all patriots and Christians to enlarged gifts to the Freedmen's Aid Societies.

The sixth article, "Methodism in the Cities of the United States," is by Rev. John Atkinson, A. M., Chicago. It turns out that the hue and cry about the failure of Methodism in the great cities amounts to this: In nine of the fourteen cities having a population of 100,000 and upwards, Methodist communicants outnumber each of the other Protestant denominations. They are first in Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Chicago, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Washington, New Orleans, Newark and Louisville. The decline of Methodism in New York of one per cent. and of Presbyterianism of five per cent. in the present decade, is because of removals into the suburbs. The sophistry of the *Independent*, in its attempt to show the failure of Methodism in cities, is most unsparingly exposed, especially its assertions in reference to Methodist preachers.

The last article, "Holiness," is written by Rev. J. O. A. Clark, D. D., Macon, Georgia. He advocates the Zinzendorf theory in opposition to the Wesleyan. He perpetrates more contradictions than we have ever seen in any theologian. Specimens: "Every believer whose sins are truly forgiven, and who is begotten of God, is pure in heart, free from sin, and sanctified." "The Holy Spirit discloses to the Christian, when striving after greater conformity to the divine image, . . . comparative filthiness of the flesh and spirit, roots of bitterness," etc. "It is preposterous to expect that a Christian, by mere faith, without tribulation, can attain any very deep and thorough experience in the things of God." "Faith in Jesus' blood is the one condition of holiness here." "The higher Christian experience developed by patience cannot be attained by mere faith; no, not even by the faith that can remove mountains. The tribulation that worketh patience is the only thing that can give it." "Nothing can be a substitute for the blood of Jesus and for faith in that blood."

The article would have done less harm if the writer had boldly antagonized Wesley, Fletcher and Watson by name, and openly proclaimed his dissent from Methodism in her doctrine of Christian perfection.

The synopsis of the quarterlies is interlarded with many a vein of gold and diamonds, while the quarterly book-table is, as ever, richly laden with all manner of palatable things.

Editorial Items.

The interest in the Eastern war is quite overpowered, as we go to press, by the excitement occasioned by the extraordinary mob insurrection in Martinsburg, Baltimore, and Pittsburgh. It commenced in a strike in West Virginia of the freight hands of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, on Sunday, the 15th inst. The insurrection in West Virginia of the militia, and the lack of proper discipline and leadership throughout the whole riot, exasperated the violence and increased the bloodiness of the contest.

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The Constitution, Middletown, Conn., of July 17, contains a very full and very affecting sketch of the life of young Mr. Chadwick, and of his character as a scholar, of the sad accident and the remarkable illness which prematurely closed his life, and of the very impressive funeral services which were held at his burial. Quite an extended notice is also given of the address which was delivered upon the occasion by Dr. Estlin, and of the touching and profitable sabbath school exercises. The sympathies of so wide a circle of friends been so powerfully moved as by the tragic death of this promising young man and the great bereavement of his family. A large company of friends of the family from the vicinity of New York met the funeral cortege at Flushing, and accompanied it to the place of interment in its final repose, and affecting services were again held, at the instance of these sympathizing neighbors and former intimates. We cannot read these provisions fully upon this side of their presentation to you. Upon one side, as we shall see them in the light of Divine truth, we shall then understand them and be satisfied. He doeth all things well.

We have received a copy of the catalogue of Chamberlain Institute and Female College for 1876-7. It is under the charge of

Rev. J. R. Day, of Chestnut Street, Portland, was happily surprised Saturday evening, July 14, by his parishioners, who came in crowds to the parsonage to celebrate the

of fairy and wonder stories translated from twelve languages, the Japanese, Chinese and Turkish among them. Mrs. Pitman has been assisted in her work by Mrs. Balike, an Austrian lady of literary reputation in her own country. The book will be a de-

Bishop Andrews is expected to arrive in New York, Aug. 10.

FORMAL INSTITUTE — At East Greenwich, R.I. A seaside summer school for teachers and pupils. 83 Lecturers and Artists. Literary and Musical Courses. July 22 to August 1. Terms moderate. For circulars address E. URJEE, Music Hall, Boston. 312

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W. B. HASELTINE, Agent, 13 Foster's wharf
Boston, June 9, 1877. 310

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Third Quarter.

Sunday, August 5.

Lesson VI. Acts xvi, 1-15.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

PAUL SENT TO MACEDONIA.

Paul could not rest satisfied with a settled ministry in Antioch, however large and fruitful the field there might be. He was called to itinerate, and not to settle in comfortable quiet, among the Gentiles. With the pressure of a great responsibility upon his heart, he appeals to his former companion, Barnabas, proposing that the converts of their first missionary tour be visited in every city where they had preached the word of the Lord. Paul was a wise pastor. He knew the necessity of helping the weak, directing them in the early steps of spiritual life, bestowing upon them almost parental watchfulness and direction. Barnabas assented to the project of a second missionary visit, and wanted John Mark, their former associate to accompany them. Paul objected. John had left the two apostles in the midst of their tour, when perils and difficulties began to grow thick. Paul felt that John was not worthy to bear the honor or the hardships of a second journey among the Gentiles, having failed to endure to the end before. The plain statement of the record is that Paul and Barnabas quarreled upon this question, and as a result of the dispute, Barnabas took one route and Paul another, through the regions of their former visitation.

This is one of those quarrels in which, by placing ourselves in imagination on the one side and the other, we can alternately justify both, and easily see that the purest Christian's zeal, when combined with human weakness and partiality, may have led to the misunderstanding. How could Paul consent to take with him a companion who would really prove an embarrassment and a hindrance? Mark had been tried once and found wanting. Barnabas would not be without strong arguments to defend the justice of his claims. His dearest wish was to see his young kinsman approving himself as a missionary of Christ. He was ready now to face all the difficulties and dangers of the enterprise. To repel him in the moment of his repentance, was "to break a bruised reed" and "to quench the smoking flax" (Conybeare and Howson).

It is not necessary to suppose that Paul and Barnabas parted in enmity; for it is more than probable that an amicable arrangement was made between them to divide the work, Paul choosing Silas as his companion and Barnabas taking John Mark.

A certain disciple was there. The account follows the course of Paul, as he proceeds on his continental tour. Nothing is said of Barnabas subsequent to his departure for Cyprus. Paul and Silas traveled by difficult roads, through Syria and Cilicia, visiting certain Churches not mentioned by name in the narrative, arriving at length at Lystra. This was the place where the apostles met that enthusiastic phase of paganism which expressed itself in homage paid to them as gods. In this pagan town was trained the boy Timothy, who had been taught from his youth in the Holy Scriptures by his Jewish mother. There is no doubt that this disciple was converted under Paul's first preaching in Lystra, and was one of those who gathered about Paul after he had been stoned. His youthful heart was deeply impressed by such an example of martyr-like courage for the truth, and of innocent suffering. It is not surprising that between Paul and Timothy there was formed that affectionate relation which they themselves loved to speak of as that of father and son, in the faith of the Gospel.

Well reported of by the brethren. His reputation was unsullied among those who knew him best. If a man bears a good name at home, in his own Church and neighborhood, among intimate friends, he is generally a true man. Christ said, a prophet is without honors in these more intimate associations; but, although he may not be counted great among his brethren, his reputation for goodness and worth of character will be most true and substantial in the contact of his daily life.

Tim would Paul have to go forth with him. Paul saw in Timothy the elements of a useful man in the ministry of the truth. He wanted him as a companion, to train him for the work of preaching.

Circumcised him because of the Jews—not because it was a duty on the part of Timothy to submit to the rite, but because of the criticism that might be excited among scrupulous Jews, if Paul should have with him an uncircumcised heathen convert. Paul was wise enough not to impede his own success by an unbending policy that would cause discussion and revolt, where such trouble might be avoided by harmless concessions. Paul was, in the best sense of the term, politic, in his management of men. It was his settled purpose to be all things to all men—never sacrificing principle where principle was at stake; always ready to yield a mere preference where that preference touched the sensitive conscience of some one else.

They delivered them the decrees, etc. The adoption of the rules for Gentile converts, by the council at Jerusalem, of which our last lesson treated, was an authoritative statement which the apostle published to the Churches along his route.

So were the Churches established in the faith. Paul's visit, reassuring them of his own steadfast love for them, the publication of the decrees, which were meant to infuse a better morality among the Gentile Churches, and the preaching of the great truths of the Gospel by

Paul and his associate, consolidated and strengthened the Churches, and also added to them numbers of new believers.

Phrygia and the region of Galatia. Of this journey we have only this mere hint. The historian was evidently not an attendant of the apostle in this tour, and attempts no circumstantial account. Phrygia major was the central portion of Asia Minor. Galatia, or Gallo-Grecia was inhabited by the descendants of those Gauls who invaded Greece and Asia in the third century B. C., and finally settled and became mixed with the Greeks in the centre of Asia Minor.

Forbidden of the Holy Ghost, etc. They reverently sought the guidance and sanction of the Holy Spirit wherever they went. He forbade them, as they looked towards Asia as a field for apostolic labor; and also, as they pushed on towards Bithynia, they were convinced by their supreme Guide that they were not to preach the word in that region.

They . . . came down to Troas—the name of a city or district lying along the shores of the Egean Sea, about four miles from the site of ancient Troy. It belonged neither to Asia nor Bithynia, but was a free city.

A vision appeared to Paul in the night—not a mere dream, but a vivid spiritual impression that came to direct his future course. He felt its meaning to be authoritative. Like Peter's vision, it had a bearing upon his future life. If our eyes were not so filled with worldly sights, should we not often see heavenly visions?

There stood a man of Macedonia. He recognized the person in his vision to be a Macedonian—probably from the words he uttered.

Come over into Macedonia and help us! This was the voice—the cry of all heathendom to the Church in all ages. After the refusal of the Holy Spirit to allow the apostles to go into other regions, it must have been a comforting assurance to Paul to receive such an emphatic suggestion in regard to his proper field for missionary labor.

Immediately he endeavored to go into Macedonia. Paul said of the first vivid sight from heaven that appeared to him at Damascus, "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." He dared not treat such illuminations as mere night fancies. So now, he prepares immediately to go to Macedonia. Like here speaks of himself as one of the company.

Assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us, etc. It was, no doubt, from the thorough conviction which Paul received in the vision, that the whole company were so readily persuaded that Macedonia was the providential field. If our eyes are open to see the leadings of Providence, we shall not fail to find them. One of the first requisites is, to lay aside our own prejudices and petty plans; then if we reverently seek God's guidance, it will surely be given.

Samothracia . . . Neapolis . . . Philip. Samothracia is an island of the Egean, about half way between Troas and Neapolis. This first stage of their voyage was made with a favoring wind in two days. Neapolis was a Thracian harbor lying to the northeast of Samothracia. "The traces of paved military roads; the Latin inscriptions which have been found on the spot; the remains of a great aqueduct on two tiers of Roman arches, seem to leave little doubt that the small Turkish village of Cavallo is the Neapolis at which Paul landed." Philip was built as a military position on the site of the village Krenides, by Philip the Great, of Macedonia. It was distant about ten miles from Neapolis. On the plain which lies below the city was fought the great battle between the republicans of Rome under Brutus, and the followers of Antony.

On the Sabbath we went out of the city by a river side, etc. There was no synagogue in Philip. Outside the gate, however, on the bank of the river Gaggitas, there was a quiet spot consecrated to purposes of worship. Here a small number of devout women were accustomed to gather for weekly prayer. "In this unpretending place, and to this congregation of pious women, the Gospel was first preached within the limits of Europe."

Lydia, a seller of purple. She was a proselyte from Thyatira, a city which had been noted from very early times for its interests in the dyeing trade. Whose heart the Lord opened. At this first service in Macedonia, the Lord granted to the apostles a confirmation of His blessing upon their labors in this region.

She was baptized and her household. As soon as she had given herself in thorough consecration to her Saviour, the sign of the spiritual washing was administered. Her household (why not suppose children were included?) also shared in this solemn ordinance.

If ye have judged me to be faithful, etc. She desired, with true feminine sympathy, to show to the apostles the fruits of her Christian profession in a generous hospitality, which they were constrained to accept.

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, August 5.

1. What was the cause of difference between Paul and Barnabas, and how was a settlement made?
2. How many were in Paul's company?
3. Describe as nearly as possible their route.
4. Tell something of the characters introduced in this lesson.

5. What can be said of the cities mentioned? 6. What two objects were before the apostles on this second missionary tour?

TEACH THE YOUNG TO CONTRIBUTE.

BY ALICE ALLEN.

Is it not true that the youthful members of our Churches and congregations are not sufficiently instructed in the duty of contributing for the support of public worship? And, failing to some extent in the instruction, does not the Church too often expect little or nothing from them?

As soon as a person is old enough to join the Church, so soon is he old enough to aid in its support. Before God's altar he promises to do this according to his ability, and this part of his vow should not be ignored until mature age, by which time the disposition to give will, too often, be far less than the means.

Remembering that the child's ability is not the man's, pastors, parents and teachers should instruct them in the duty of paying, as well as praying. Collectors should call for their contributions, assuring them that their mites are welcome and expected. I think pastors need feel no delicacy with regard to teachings upon this point. It is God's cause that we support, not man's, to do which is a duty that we owe to Him and humanity; consequently, any instruction that will incline the youthful mind in this direction, is beneficial and necessary. But many will say that in most instances the youth have nothing to give. This, I think, is not usually the case. If they have no money which they can control, and neither opportunity nor strength to earn any, it is true; but all these conditions seldom exist.

I have heard it suggested that parents, instead of contributing for the family, divide a part of the amount appropriated for Church support among the youthful members, to be given in their names; but I think this a poor substitute for the giving of one's substance. There is little benevolence in bestowing that which one has no right or permission to use otherwise; better a thousand times that the child contribute one cent that is his own, than a dollar which his father may give him for this purpose alone. Most young persons have a little money at least—earned or presented—with which, within certain limits, they can do as they please. Let them be encouraged to give of this instead of spending it, perhaps, solely for personal gratification. If some desired pleasure is given up, no injury will result, but benefit rather, if it is done voluntarily. Often the dignity of the act will, in the child's mind, be no less a reward than the consciousness of a right act performed.

Teach them to earn something for this object, and aid them, if necessary, but indirectly, letting them depend mainly upon their own resources, thus not depriving them of the benefit to be gained from self-reliant effort, which alone would be a sufficient recompense for the exertion.

I believe children are oftener taught to contribute to the missionary cause than any other. I would not have less done in this direction—rather, more; still I think a responsibility with regard to the home work should be first impressed upon the mind; then it can be taught that there are "fields beyond."

But it is not alone those who are members of the Church that should be instructed with regard to the duty of giving. Christian parents should teach their children, as soon as old enough to know that they are attending church, to contribute their pennies for its support. Who can estimate the advantages that will accrue in after years from the habits thus early formed? The Church of the present would receive great benefit, while that of the future would be incalculable. But the benefit would not be simply pecuniary (though the means); great aid will be rendered to the formation and development of a self-reliant Christian character. The soul that is liberally inclined is congenial soil for the growth of the Christian graces. It is written, "The liberal soul shall be made fat."

The one, too, that is benevolent, is usually well-informed concerning those objects for which he contributes; he seeks a wide information concerning Christ's kingdom on earth, and is led eventually beyond the narrow limits of bigotry and sectarianism, and so becomes a blessing indeed to the Church with which he is connected.

The fact should be deeply impressed upon the youthful mind that the Church is not a charity which is being supported, but that for which abundant recompense is received. Also, that the silver and the gold are the Lord's—ours only in trust—of which He constantly claims a part, and promises a blessing to those who acknowledge that claim.

The Family.

OFFICIAL RECOGNITION OF WOMAN IN THE CHURCH.

MR. EDITOR: Weeks ago, after reading the article to which you called my attention, and about which you asked me to write, I seated myself a day or two afterward, and commenced, but never found the hour to finish. Here in the quietude of the beautiful campgrounds, I have gathered a few thoughts upon this one neglected subject.

Very heartily I endorse all you say. There are many noble, cultured women

in our own loved Church, holy in word and life, who would honor and advance the cause of Christ. They are eminently fitted to stand side by side with their husbands in the work to which they have given their lives. I should rejoice to see them in such a position in our Church, passing the same examinations, and submitted to the same disciplinary rules, as those required of the brethren; and yet I fully believe the number to be comparatively few, who would desire it, even if they were fitted for it. Many of us are content with the privileges our Church has already given us. We have many opportunities to use the talent God has given us! Oh, how I have praised God for birth and education in a Church where women had so many open doors for usefulness!

But there is a very sad thought connected with this subject, which prompts me to write a longer letter than, perhaps, was anticipated. Our sisters in the other Churches are leading the work in all the union movements of the day—in the temperance, the Christian association, the reform. I find ten Baptists and eight Congregationalists where there is one Methodist. Indeed, in these organizations the Baptist and Congregational, and even the Episcopalian, sisters lead in prayer, or lead the meeting; but not a Methodist sister. If they are called upon, they refuse. Again and again I am asked to explain the reason of this. I have replied, "They find so much to do in our own Churches." I fear I have not been entirely sincere always in this matter. It is a startling fact that in our own Church prayer-meetings all around Boston, very seldom is woman's voice heard in supplication or testimony. Not so in the sister Churches; their prayer-meetings seem more like ours of twenty years ago. I should not speak of these things, but I know them to be facts.

In the temperance work in B. the officers are nearly all Baptists, with one or two Congregationalists. They did not wish it so; but no Methodist sisters there to place in office. They are not interested enough to be in the weekly prayer-meeting. In the opening and dedication of the Friendly Inn, only Tremont Street Church has responded at all. Many of the other Churches in other denominations have generously done so. One lady from Tremont St. M. E. Church is on the board, but no one from Grace Church. Three names were given by Brother M. of Bromfield Street, but they have never been seen at the meetings. There are none from Church Street.

In the reform work the same record must be made. Even here at Asbury Grove, scarcely can a sister be found to lead a ladies' prayer-meeting. As I remember the prayers of twenty years ago from our mothers in Israel, I am saddened. I am not sorry that our sisters in other Churches are coming up to the work we have laid down, but I am humiliated, as I know we might lead. They expect we will, for we have been educated in the work; but alas! how much we need the Holy Ghost to fall upon the women of our Church as well as upon the men! Education and culture can never take its place; but when added, what a power our women might be! Oh, that God might open our eyes to see the ripening grain, and shout with the reapers the harvest home! Pardon me for my long letter, but my heart is so full.

Mrs. J. C. E.

Hamilton, July 12.

"ALL THINGS WORK FOR GOOD."

BY ELIZA A. OTIS.

When disappointments press me sore,
And cherished joys are known no more,
My anguish soul, in prayer, I pour
Before my God;
And quick is changed my spirit's mood,
As flashes bright the Spirit's sword;
"All things together work for good
To those who love the Lord."

Oh, blessed word! thy worth we own
While on life's storm-tossed sea we're thrown;
And stripped of all, all sad and lone.
Our God knows best;
Our feet are placed where Jesus stood,
All earth-born joys denied our breast,
That we may own Him, highest good—
The good that brings sweet rest.

And while we cannot see the way,
The mighty One will bring bright day
To us, from darkness; still we slay
All unbelief,
And joyful take our burdens up,
Light now, as floating forest leaf;
Emptied of bitter, sweet our cup—
Life free from any grief.

Sweet Faith, that makes the promise ours!
Sweet Love, that frees from "darkness"
powers!
The soul, we find so easy covers
"Fore grief's award;
Though sorrows drown us with a flood,
God ready grace will e'er accord;
"All things together work for good
To those who love the Lord."

Scituate.

AUGUST WEEDS.

BY MRS. E. W. TRUE.

I am not going to write about gardening; and yet I am. I saw an article a year ago or more, upon "God's Husbandry," in which there was an especial warning against August weeds. It was as if the writer said, after the season is nearly over, and all common weeds successfully rooted out, when it would seem as if the garden could go on of itself, by the strength which the genuine plants had attained, there comes on another set of weeds, rank and disagreeable, and with great vigor and quickness, as if a malignant power beneath, and the burning dog-star overhead, had combined to curse the harvest.

This we know to be true, and worse than this, we know it to be applicable to human life. This idea impressed me as very alarming; and I think we see instances in which these late season weeds are unwatched, until, at length, they disfigure the whole garden of the human mind after all its early cultivation. Jealousy, discontent, and a list that goes with these—how often are they seen in later life, when in the earlier you saw nothing of them!

I remember an instance of a located Methodist minister, who, after he had lived about a year in a place, would become uneasy, discontented, and at any sacrifice would sell out and move. This he continued to do, so that for the last fifteen years of his life he moved more times than he would have done had he remained in the traveling ministry. He had the wherewith to do as he pleased. His patient wife apologized for him, saying it arose from the habit he had formed by being for a long series of years in the itinerancy. He had become so used to moving that he could not be content in a permanent home. Another one apologizes for those superannuated ministers who grow unhappy as soon as it is suggested that their aged labor can be dispensed with. Especially is it said that those are pardonable who were accustomed to be leaders in the Conferences. They cannot bear now to be uncalled for. And it has come to such a pass, that we congratulate those who stepped out of the ranks while their sun was yet high, so that they could set about something else that is useful to the race, and work happily to the end of strength, instead of going down the last declivity in the darkness of discontent. And about those who were called to a higher climate when their sun had hardly reached its meridian, we are comforted.

But the question comes, whether this force of habit, necessarily formed, is going to rule one, so as to destroy the finish of the character. In following any calling in life, a habit is formed. This is what gives the skill. What shall be done, then? If one habituated to lead there is no longer need of his leadership, that the foundation which he has been a leader in laying, has others raised up, agile and expert, to build upon it, ought he not to rejoice? I do not doubt that a habit may be so long continued, or pursued so devotedly, as to become weary of the brain, and partake of a character which may be called mental disease. Beware, my mind, of such devotion to anything. If you prefer being a leader to being followed by another who is also in the right, command yourself to be led betimes. Oh, for the humility, not only of Jesus, but of John, who said, "He must increase, but I must decrease." I have had my day, said a lonely widow, as she looked on and saw a happy pair, "and I now rejoice in your day."

What a warning, that the worn-out broken leeds as naturally as the sun, close by the river of God, where the soil is always replenished by its wonderful evaporations and overflow, and there let us cultivate violets and sweet "elysium," for our enjoyment; and if we are able for labor, there are enough who are raising the "staple productions" that would be glad of a helping hand. The children's gardens are always needing help. Let us be like our Master in our view of having an object to labor for; so shall we imperceptibly cease living here, and live in heaven.

PAY AS YOU GO.

"That comes of not paying as you go!" said young Dr. Willis. "I always pay as I go, and then, if bad times come suddenly, I have no debts to trouble me."

Aunt Prudence sat knitting, listening to the two young men as they talked. She felt that Henry Willis' tone was too triumphant, but would say nothing till her "word" should be in "season." Aunt Prudence was a member of the Society of Friends, and though no near relative of young Dr. Willis, had known him for years, and was making him for his wife a visit. After supper, when the young mother had gone up stairs with her little ones, Aunt Prudence felt her opportunity had come.

"There pays as these goes, Henry?" she said, looking at the doctor, who was lounging in dressing gown and slippers, with a cigar in his mouth.

"Yes, aunt," he answered brightly. "Never run in debt" is my rule. I've to thank my father for giving it me, too."

"And yet these owes a good deal." Dr. Willis flushed rather angrily. "I tell you I don't owe a cent, Aunt Prudence."

"Oh, I wasn't talking of cents. What these owes couldn't be paid with cents, nor dollars either."

"Come, now, Aunt Prudence, what do you mean?"

"I mean these owes kindness and thanks. Kate's often wearied with the children—thy children, mind, as well as hers—but when these comes in, these calls for one thing and another, and what does these pay her? I did not see thee pay her for the gown and slippers she handed thee awhile ago."

The young husband listened silently. Had Kate complained of him? Aunt Prudence seemed to divine his thoughts, for she said, "Kate, perhaps, thinks little of the debt thou art heaping up, though I notice her way is to pay as she goes. If these brings her a book her thanks are sweet and heartfelt; if a child tries to help her she pays the little one at once by a tender caress or a loving smile. So little does these use this coin of home that Kate hardly misses it, I think."

"Well, aunt, I believe you're right."

I do owe some pretty heavy debts of that sort. I'm such a go-ahead fellow I often forget to say, 'thank you,' or to pay my wife and children. I guess I'll try using that coin of appreciation and loving words more."

Aunt Prudence stayed long enough to see what good her words had done. Only the next morning Kate's place was empty at the breakfast table, and Henry explained, with a smile, "I persuaded Kate to take another nap. I think I owe her an extra sleep, as she tended the baby when he fretted in the night."

One and another noticed the change in the young husband. He became genial, warm-hearted and sympathetic, but few knew that it began from this resolution to "pay as you go." From paying his debt of kindness to wife and friends, he learned to think of the great debt he owed to Him who had paid His life a ransom for many, and heard His voice, saying, "Son, give Me thine heart."

How is it with you, reader? Do you pay as you go?—HOPE LEDYARD in *Christian at Work*.

THE GRAVEYARD.

A NIGHT VISIT.

BY LORENZO LEWIS.

The graveyard! how shunned it is by hooded shades,
As the place of my direst fear,
Where spirits of evil infest nook and glade,
And ghosts and dread phantoms appear.
But I ventured within it one still, clear night
'Twixt the hours of twelve and of two;
A time, as it seemed, in which spectre and sprite
Would surely their visit renew.

The moon, just then sinking half-orbed in the west,
Threw tenderly back her soft light;
And the stars, that stand watch while their queen is at rest,
Were marshaled in host for the night.

Most watchfully seeking, I passed every mound,
Every spot I examined with care;
I saw nothing moving, I heard not a sound
Save my own steps echoing there.

The inscriptive monuments round me up-reared
Told each the short, truthful story
Of some one who had upon earth appeared
For a time, and then gone before me.

Every flower that bloomed in that lonely place,
Of some sorrowing friend the care,
Bore the gleaming tear on its smiling face
Of an angel hovering there.

Then I sat me down on a moss-covered stone,
And I thought of the sleeping dead;
Of this life, and of death, and the land unknown
To which their spirits have fled.

Could they enter, I asked, their once cherished clay,
Come forth from the grave and the tomb,
And be as they were on life's happiest day
Of soul-cheering sunshine and bloom,

Would they willingly change their robes of pure white
For the dim-solled garments of earth?
Or give up one star in their diadems bright
For all this world's glittering worth?

And would they suppress the sweet hymn they prolong—
That glad hallelujah of praise—
To take up again the dull, languishing song
We flesh-fettered mortals here raise?

And would they forsake the communion they know
Of ever pure spirits above,
For the choicest companionships earth can bestow
Her best boon of friendship and love?

Say, would they change worlds? Ah! never, no, never!
Not a moment of that life for this!
No currents of time tinge the flood of forever—
Lost life's pulse in fullness of bliss.

Here ended my musing. In tones loud and clear
The clock of the village struck two;
And without e'en a thought of an object of fear,
I quietly rose and withdrew.

Oh! see not the graveyard with story of dread
And fancy-wrought picture of gloom;
But go, lift the veil that covers the tomb,
See the glory beyond the dark tomb.

Haverhill, Mass.

SITTING DOWN.

Theodora drew on her gloves as if the action wearied her. Mrs. Gesner was thinking that she did not look strong enough to be sitting up. As the button of Theodora's glove flew off, she repressed the impatient and nervous exclamation that almost uttered itself, bent down and picked up the button, saying, with a smile that tried hard not to be pitiful, "I am so cross nowadays that I feel wicked all the time."

"Sit still and rest. I've been thinking that I would like to put you to bed and feed you with a spoon."

"Oh, no! I'm not so tired. A brisk walk will rest me," she returned, rising, with an effort. "It was midnight when I turned off the gas last night; and I had to be up early this morning, to see to father's breakfast. I'm full of business these days."

"This is a busy age," replied Mrs. Gesner, dropping her work and folding her hands. "In an age so full of bustle and racket, so full of doing and so barren in being, I wonder how people find time to be still before God and to hear His voice. If He say, 'Hush, be quiet and listen!' they have no ears to hear. The ears are full of human voices. They would not dare to treat another friend so."

"Do you mean me?" asked Theodora, glancing away from the clock. "I mean you and every other too busy worker. I mean every mother and father, every teacher, every minister, every writer, every woman who

has a special work, and every man and woman who has not a special work. I mean every human being who works so hard in serving man that they forget that to hear when God speaks to them is His will above all. He can feed the hungry without human aid; He can teach the ignorant without using man's poor wisdom; but when He would speak to His children, He will not speak unless they are willing "to stop and listen."

"He can make us hear through the bustle and racket," said Theodora, uneasily, rubbing the white door-knob with her fingers.

"Yes, if He ordain the bustle and racket. But do you not think that we often make the racket ourselves?"

"Racket! Her work for Him! Why did not Mrs. Gesner call it rubbish?" The pained face and drooping figure were not a pleasant contemplation. Mrs. Gesner found her work prettier to look at.

"Now, my dear, tell me what your plan is for the remainder of the day." Theodora looked at the clock. It was nearly three o'clock. Her voice was somewhat husky, perhaps. Mrs. Gesner would think her work a bustle and a racket.

"I must call on Rachel Christopher. She was not at Sunday-school last Sunday. I must go to a book-store and find a picture-book for a little lame boy in our block. I must visit an old blind man and read awhile to him. I must call at St. Luke's, to see Sarah Merchant. She has been sick there four or five months. I must be home at supper-time, to make mother's toast. I must go to prayer-meeting this evening. And then I must come home and finish Minnie's waterproof, and answer three or four letters; and then—"

"Where is the time for Christ?" interrupted Mrs. Gesner, gravely and gently.

"It's all His time," faltered Theodora, flushing and rubbing the door-knob.

"Oh, it is! You will feel more like crying to-night than praising Him. And, as you cannot fall asleep buying picture-books, visiting hospitals, or reading to a blind man, making a waterproof or writing letters, you will fall asleep on your knees, with your prayer half uttered, and creep into bed feeling that you have done Him so much service that He does not ask your heart toward Him, or feeling dreadfully wicked because you cannot keep awake while you pray. The sleepy communion with Him at night is the other half of the hurried prayer of the morning."

Theodora looked as if she were hesitating between laughter and tears.

"Can I help it?" she asked, in some vexation.

"Help what? Serving your neighbor and forgetting God?"

"I thought serving my neighbor was serving Him," Theodora answered, spiritedly.

"So it is, when He bids it so. But He is a tender lover and cares for a return. We may love Him for His own sake, as well as love His brethren for His sake."

"I never thought of that," confessed Theodora. "I thought that He wanted me to keep busy."

"Keep busy about His business; but not about your own. If He says that you serve Him best with taking no time to study His will, with no time for speaking to Him alone, then, child, go on. You are doing His will. But He spent a whole night in communion with His Father. There were lepers and blind that needed healing; sinners sinning against God that very night. But He left them all to give Himself—every thought, every feeling—wholly to God. And if He, the sinless, needed that, craved that, oh! how much more do we!"

"I thought I was right," murmured Theodora.

"Do you love Him best of all? Do you feel always near Him?"

"No. I'm too wicked, and tired, and cross."

"You treat Him as if He were a very hard master. Suppose, tired as you are, I kept you standing, waiting on me, and would not let you sit down. I would not treat my Bridget as you act as if your Master were treating you."

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